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Grant's Birthday

April 27th

1893



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— PROCEEDINGS —

ON THE OCCASION OF THE

BANQUET

TO CELEBRATE THE

SEVENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY

OF THE BIRTH OF

GENERAL U. S. GRANT,

— AT —

THE WALDORF,
NEW YORK.

— ON —

THURSDAY, APRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH,

1893.

ANNUAL BIRTHDAY
APRIL 27TH

GRANT'S BIRTHDAY,
April Twenty-Seventh, 1893.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Gen. GRENVILLE M. DODGE, *Chairman.*

Gen. HORACE PORTER,	Hon. WARNER MILLER,
Gen. DAVID S. STANLEY,	Hon. RASTUS S. RANSOM,
Gen. HENRY W. SLOCUM,	LOGAN C. MURRAY, Esq.
Gen. CHARLES H. T. COLLIS,	COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON, Esq.
Col. N. T. SPRAGUE,	ELIHU ROOT, Esq.
HORACE RUSSELL, Esq.	CORNELIUS N. BLISS, Esq.
JOSEPH H. CHOATE, Esq.	H. O. ARMOUR, Esq.
CHARLES C. BEAMAN, Esq.	HENRY E. HOWLAND, Esq.
CHARLES H. ROPES, Esq.	CHARLES L. COLBY, Esq.
WILLIAM D. GUTHRIE, Esq.	J. SEAVER PAGE, Esq.
J. ADRIANCE BUSH, Esq.	FREDERIC TAYLOR, Esq.

GEORGE H. TAYLOR, *Secretary.*

Gen. C. H. T. COLLIS, *Chairman Entertainment Committee.*



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ROSTER.



HEAD TABLE.

GEN. HORACE PORTER, Presiding.

DUKE DE VERAGUA,	GEN. J. M. SCHOFIELD,
SEÑOR M. ROMERO,	GEN. NELSON A. MILES,
MARQUIS DI BARBOLES,	HON. ROGER A. PRYOR,
COM. DICKENS,	MR. JOSEPH H. CHOATE,
REV. DR. WM. LLOYD,	HON. JOHN S. RUNNELLS,
GEN. ELY S. PARKER,	GEN. GRENVILLE M. DODGE,
REV. DR. R. S. MACARTHUR,	MR. WILLIAM H. McELROY.

GEN. COLLIS'S TABLE.

GEN. C. H. T. COLLIS,

MR. WASHINGTON E. CONNOR,	MR. E. B. HARPER,
MR. WARREN M. HEALY,	MR. FRANK R. LAWRENCE,
MR. THOMAS LOWERY,	GEN. BROOKE POSTLEY,
COL. C. A. POSTLEY,	COL. JOSIAH C. REIFF,
HON. ROBERT A. VAN WYCK,	MR. BARTOW S. WEEKS,
	GEN. LOUIS P. DI CESNOLA.

MR. BEAMAN'S TABLE.

MR. CHARLES C. BEAMAN,

SEÑOR M. COVARRUBIAS,	LIEUT. PORFIRIO DIAZ,
MR. IRA M. HEDGES,	MR. CHARLES R. HICKOX,
GEN. THOMAS H. HUBBARD,	HON. WARNER MILLER,
MR. CHARLES A. PEABODY,	GEN. GEORGE H. SHARPE,
MR. TECUMSEH SHERMAN,	MR. P. BRADLEE STRONG,
	COL. WM. L. STRONG.

MR. GUTHRIE'S TABLE.

MR. WILLIAM D. GUTHRIE,

MR. FREDERIC TAYLOR,

MR. JULIEN T. DAVIES,

MR. WILLIAM B. DINSMORE,

MR. THOMAS A. H. HAY,

COL. JOHN J. McCOOK,

MR. GEORGE C. MAGOUN,

GEN. SAMUEL THOMAS,

MR. JAMES SPEYER,

MR. JOHN C. TOMLINSON.

GEN. STANLEY'S TABLE.

GEN. DAVID STANLEY,

MR. AILEN S. APPAR,

MR. R. T. McCABE,

MR. JOHN E. DWIGHT,

COL. HENRY M. PORTER,

MR. COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON,

GEN. FRED. A. STARRING,

MR. A. H. FISCHER,

GEN. C. B. COMSTOCK,

MR. JOHN R. VAN WAGONER.

MR. BLISS'S TABLE.

MR. CORNELIUS N. BLISS,

COL. LE GRAND B. CANNON,

MR. HOWARD CARROLL,

MAJ. JOHN K. CILLEY,

MR. HENRY CLEWS,

MR. M. W. COOPER,

MR. CHARLES H. ISHAM,

MR. AUGUSTUS G. PAYNE,

HON. T. C. PLATT,

MR. JOHN H. STARIN,

MR. A. VAN SANVOORD,

MR. GEORGE WILSON.

MR. ROPES'S TABLE.

MR. CHARLES H. ROPES,

MR. CHARLES L. COLBY,

MR. WILLIAM F. HAYEMEYER,

MR. DAVID H. KING, JR.

GEN. JOHN T. LOCKMAN,

MR. SETH M. MILLIKEN,

MR. APNER G. MILLS,

HON. SAMUEL SLOAN,

MR. PIERRE J. SMITH,

MR. SETH E. THOMAS,

MR. FRANK TILFORD,

MR. EDWIN H. WEATHERBEE.

COL. SPRAGUE'S TABLE.

COL. N. T. SPRAGUE,

MR. T. R. BIRD,	HON. DAVID A. BOODY,
MR. C. N. BOVEE,	MR. GEO. C. CLARKE,
MR. A. B. DARLING,	HON. SILAS B. DUTCHER,
MR. JESSE R. GRANT,	MR. GEORGE L. PUTNAM,
MR. FRANCIS GRISWOLD TEFFT,	GEN. STEWART L. WOODFORD,

MR. BUSH'S TABLE.

MR. J. ADRIANCE BUSH,

HON. HORACE RUSSELL,	MR. U. S. GRANT, JR.
MR. ELIHU ROOT,	COL. JOEL B. ERHARDT,
MR. SIGOURNEY W. FAY,	MR. WILLIAM S. WELLS,
GEN. THOMAS L. WATSON,	MR. JOHN R. VAN WORMER,
MR. WILLIAM M. HABIRSHAW,	HON. RASTUS S. RANSOM,
	MR. GEORGE H. TAYLOR.

MR. PAGE'S TABLE.

MR. J. SEAVER PAGE,

MR. BIRDSEYE BLAKEMAN,	MR. REGINALD DE KOVEN,
MR. FREDERICK W. DEVOE,	MR. GEORGE R. GIBSON,
MR. JOHN M. HUGHES,	MR. WALTER S. JOHNSTON,
MR. FRANK T. NEELEY,	MR. R. A. C. SMITH,

MR. MURRAY'S TABLE.

MR. LOGAN C. MURRAY,

MR. SAMUEL P. AVERY,	MR. WILLIAM BARBOUR,
MR. CEPHAS BRAINERD,	MR. RICHARD BUTLER,
MR. NICHOLAS FISH,	MR. JESSE SELIGMAN,
MR. SALEM H. WALES,	MR. J. S. WARREN,

MR. ARMOUR'S TABLE.

MR. H. O. ARMOUR,

COL. CALVIN S. BRICE,

MR. HENRY W. CANNON,

DR. F. FERGUSON,

MR. E. B. HINSDALE,

MR. GEORGE F. HODGMAN,

MR. F. H. PLATT,

MR. GEORGE M. PULLMAN,

MR. C. C. SHAYNE,

MR. JOSEPH S. STOUT,

MR. HENRY VILLARD,

MR. HORACE WHITE.



GENERAL HORACE PORTER

PRESIDED AT THE BANQUET.

REV. DR. MACARTHUR pronounced the following blessing :

Almighty God, Thou wert the God of our fathers, Thou art our God, and Thou will be the God of our children. We praise Thee for all Thy mercies to us as a nation ; for the men who laid the foundations of this Republic ; for the men who preserved the Union during the dark and terrible days of civil war, and especially at this time do we thank Thee for the bravery, patriotism, modesty and Americanism of the illustrious man whose birth we to-night celebrate.

O Lord, grant, we beseech Thee, Thy blessing to his widow, to his children and to his grandchildren. We pray Thee to bless also the soldiers who shared his dangers and partook of his spirit, and who now receive the Nation's benediction. Grant Thy favor also to those who still remain of the noble men who served their Country in the councils of the Nation. We thank Thee for a united country, for a great people, self-respecting and respected by all nations.

Grant that we may continue to honor the names of our noble dead ; that we may preserve our dearly bought liberties, and that we may ever be a law-abiding, peace-loving and God-fearing people. May we be always true patriots, worthy citizens and sincere men.

We thank Thee for the great international pageants of the hour ; for the coming together in the waters of our harbors and in the streets of our cities of the representatives of so many nations. May the song of the angels on the night of our Lord's birth be echoed in our halls of legislation, in the marts of trade and in the homes and hearts of all our people—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men !"

And to God, Father, Son and Spirit be glory, world without end.
AMEN.

The banquet being finished, General Porter called the guests to order and made a few introductory remarks regarding the occasion which the Association had met to

celebrate, and then introduced the orator of the evening, HON. JOHN S. RUNNELLS, who spoke to the toast of "The Day we Celebrate."

SPEECH OF MR. RUNNELLS.

We are breathing an atmosphere of celebration. The very air is vocal with the name of Columbus. Wherever we turn and with whatever purpose, in these days of Jubilee, we discover something carrying back our thoughts to the discovery of America. We have seen to-day, moving in stately procession upon the waters, the ships of the mightiest navies in the world. The queens of the sea have sat enthroned in your harbor. Grand as was the sight, and it was indeed one to quicken the pulse, how much more were we stirred by the little caravels, products of the rude skill of four centuries ago, puny in their strength, but majestic in meaning as representing the messengers of Providence which bore the flower of civilization from the Old World and planted it upon the soil of the New. Peerless Pilot! Sublime mission! A weightier enterprise was never embarked upon the bosom of the deep. A grander result was never vouchsafed to the labors of men. Well may our harbors be decked with bunting and the night illuminated with our rejoicings. Pay the tribute of commemoration and praise to the great discoverer; few have ever deserved so rich a crown. But amid these acclamations which every American heart is swelling with its service of gratitude, may we not well pause, on this sacred day of national calendar, to pay the homage of our hearts to him whose deeds in arms have made this celebration possible upon the soil of a free, unbroken Republic?

What glorious deeds they were! How they rolled away the stone from the sepulchre of our hopes! Do you recall his entrance upon the arena of battle? Defeat had overtaken our armies. Our idols had been broken by disaster. The gates of the capital were threatened. The government was trembling with doubt, and the heart of the Nation was heavy. Suddenly there burst upon the ear the roar of the guns at Donelson; like the voice of the prophet in the wilderness rang out the words of the unknown soldier, "No terms but unconditional surrender."

Time would fail to tell of Shiloh, of Iuka, of Corinth, of Champion Hills, of Vicksburg, which proclaimed his mastery of the art of war; of Chattanooga, where he touched a beleagured army, and lo, it becomes a conquering host; of Missionary Ridge, which put a period to a chapter of victories unmarred by a single defeat and written in lines of imperishable glory.

Nor was he less successful upon the larger field. No Triton he among minnows only, but always and everywhere a Triton. He stands at last face

to face with the mighty Lee, whose merits as a soldier would have made him formidable to any commander that ever lived, and to have defeated whom would have filled any man's measure of glory. It is a struggle of Titans. How shall it end? Is the soil of Virginia again to be the scene of indecisive battle? The answer comes in a pause in the awful carnage of the Wilderness: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all Summer." When that pledge had been redeemed, when the strong arm of the rebellion was palsied in defeat, who of his countrymen, those who had envied and belittled him as well as those who had saluted his sun in its rising, who, I say, was heard to break the harmony of the Nation's acclamations that hailed him as the greatest soldier of his country and his time?

What made him the great soldier? What was the secret of his power? As well ask why the oak is majestic or the sea sublime. Some things, however, stand clearly revealed. He fought with a purpose to him as sacred as the Holy Sepulchre to Peter the Hermit. Of a truth, his "omen was his country's cause." Not to win a victory merely, not to take stronghold, not to subjugate states, but to overthrow the military power that menaced the unity of the Republic—that was his aim. Upon that altar he laid every precious thing—money, soldiers, generals, oftentimes his own immediate popularity even; and his purpose was never obscured by the smoke of the sacrifice. To accomplish it he summoned the resources, not of meteoric brilliancy, not of dazzling genius, not of the power that flashes and then fades, but of plain, robust, well-balanced common sense. His victories were never blunders; he won battles with his head before he won them with his sword. Whoever mistook Grant rarely made a mistake. He was clear in conception, sound in judgment, fertile in resource, calculating every assault, measuring the force necessary to make or to meet it, always moving but never in haste, eager yet patient, ardent yet waiting till the time ripened—divinely commissioned to be a leader of men. How grandly he rose to every emergency! With what breadth of understanding he moved the vast engine in arms that carried the fortunes of the Union! How he made every part—the March to the Sea, the investment of Petersburg, the campaigns upon the Gulf and the Tennessee, the flaming torch of Sheridan in the Valley,—all contribute to the success of each other and of the whole, like details upon the canvas of Raphael! His eye swept the whole field; his faith gave added strength to every soldier's arm; his foresight was a wall of defense to every soldier's breast. To all the scattered commands, to every camp of the Union host, his leadership was a pillar of cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night. If victory came, who so ready as he with praise for the victors? And when reverses came, when disasters in the field were re echoed by discontent in the country, when army and nation saw only omens of evil, when his plans miscarried through delays of subordinates or mistakes in execution, when doubt and misgiving

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filled the hearts of President and people, who of that eventful time does not remember that in every such night of gloom, for two long years of varying struggle, there always appeared in the sky the star of his unconquered will?

When some future Plutarch shall seek to assign his place among the world's great captains, he will say he was greater than Alexander, because while conquering others he was master of himself; greater than Hannibal, because his warfare was not impelled by relentless hate; greater than Cæsar, because his success was not the tomb of constitutional freedom; greater than Frederick, because he fought not for absolute power, but for a government of the people; greater than Napoleon, because he did not "wade through slaughter to a throne," but laid the laurels he had won at the feet of the nation he had saved; greatest of all, because he crowned glory with magnanimity, victory with clemency, and by his generous terms sweetened the cup of defeat as he put it to the lips of a gallant, if unfortunate foe.

After the civil war between Pompey and Cæsar, the latter set up the statues of the former which had been thrown down. Said Cicero: "Cæsar by raising Pompey's statues, has established his own." When Grant gave to Lee's captured soldiers the right to return to their homes, free as when they left them; when he interposed his knightly shield to protect the sacredness of the parole he had pledged, he raised for himself a statue grander than any of Rome. Out of that magnanimity sprung "a glory not fanned by conquest's crimson wing." The coming ages will salute thee, great soldier, for victories unsurpassed: thou shalt be among the few who have saved nations by the sword; thy battlefields shall be familiar shrines to patriotic hearts; but more precious than any laurels of battle will be the crown thou shalt wear for thy magnanimity to thy vanquished foes!

But he was not a soldier only. I am conscious of the cant of the time which denies him the honor of statesmanship. That is because our judgments are refracted by our politics; because we read him with our prejudices and not with our eyes. A century hence, when time shall have dispelled the prejudices and cooled the resentments of his contemporaries, the praise which now exhausts itself upon Grant the soldier will have abundant eulogy for Grant the statesman. One act in office shines conspicuous. When the frenzy of inflation swept the country like a whirlwind, so that trusted statesmen bent before the storm, and political parties rivalled each other in cowardice and evasion, from whom did relief come? Where, then, did we find the needed statesmanship? Who had the wisdom to see, the courage to resist, the moral greatness to defy, this monstrous heresy? Party friends urged Grant to yield; personal convenience suggested that he leave the responsibility with Congress; ambition whispered that his reward might be the unique honor of a third Presidential term. How did he answer

these siren voices? As Hampden answered the proposals of Charles the First; as Adams and Otis met the overtures of the crown; as statesmen worthy of the name have always answered when duty and interest came in conflict.

Happy the statesmen who can appeal to posterity with an act so wise and brave as the veto of the inflation bill! It was one of those moral victories before which men stand with uncovered heads. Think of its consequences! There is not in all this land a revolving wheel that does not sing its praises. There is not in this great city a transaction of commerce that is not affected, even if it be not made possible, by that sagacious deed. Imitate his courage, ye statesmen of to-day, who doubt and tremble and are still, when inflation with changed face but unchanged iniquity again threatens our repose. Like him reject, as destructive of prosperity, any policy that rests upon a debased, dishonored currency. Remember, as he did, that capital and labor alike have no sure foundation but the rock of an honest dollar. If you are tempted to barter the security of the future for the relief of the present, go sit at the feet of Grant and learn of him. You shall find inspiration, courage and bright example in

“That tower of strength
Which stood four square to all the winds that blew.”

Nor was this his chief honor. He had been a successful soldier. Trained to arms, he naturally looked to the sword for the redress of national wrongs. But he realized, as neither king nor president had ever realized before, how rude and unchristian was war. When a dispute arose with England, which threatened the peace of the two countries, he proposed to substitute for force the tribunal of Reason. He gave to the world the example of a powerful nation, strong enough to enforce its claims, but having the moral courage to submit them to the test of Justice. It was a great deed; it will be an immortal one. There had been before him military chieftains whose deeds will always rival his. There had been statesmen before him who had defied the unthinking majority, clamoring for wrong or injustice. But in this field of Christian statesmanship he had neither prototype nor rival; he was at once forerunner and pioneer.

If some Meissonier were asked to paint a picture representing Grant's greatest work, the selection of the subject might not be an easy task. He would think, perhaps, of those earlier victories, when the unknown soldier was fighting his way, through distrust of his superiors and doubts of his countrymen, to their confidence and appreciation; he would think of the triumphs of his subsequent career when his star was ascending to the zenith of military renown; he would think of Appomattox, the closing scene of his military life, so full of dramatic interest and so momentous in its consequences; but turning from them all, in my opinion, he would select as representing his highest achievement that event in which two great nations,

returning the half-drawn sword to the scabbard, appealing not to might nor to strategy, but only to the Eternal verities, catching the earliest gleam of that light which sooner or later shall fill the earth with the radiance of Peace, for the first time in the World's history submitted their controversy to the arbitrament of Reason and Justice !

Milton said of Cromwell that war made him great, but peace made him greater. Green forever will be the laurels of Grant, won when he carried the banners of the Republic to victory upon the fields of its peril ; but the glories of Geneva will be chanted by the unborn millions to come, when the horrors of war shall be but a grim spectre of the Past. For his deeds of arms he shall always be praised of men ; but for his demonstration that war is no longer a necessity, he has been knighted by the Prince of Peace.

What a striking career ! Suppose that when he was leaving his home for West Point, an awkward country boy, looking forward into the new life before him with perhaps more of doubt than of hope, some angel had lifted the curtain and shown him that in his prime he should see this proud empire rent with civil war ; that after many vicissitudes he should at last be selected to marshal the loyal hosts ; that his should be the hand to hurl the fatal thunderbolts against rebellion ; that he should be saluted by half the country as conqueror, and by the other half as saviour ; that he should twice be called to the highest office ; that when no longer the head of the army or the head of the state, as a private citizen he should be received with royal honors by the kings and potentates of the Old World ; that the greatest in intellect should vie with the highest in rank in making obeisance before him ; that in a journey around the earth he should find no spot unlighted by his fame ; that when his career was ended he should go to his grave, borne in the arms of a nation's love and followed by the admiration of the world—would it not have seemed to him the wildest of dreams ?

Fortunate man ! He lived to see the vision a reality—the dream a part of history. Could anything have been added to the cup of his success ? Could Fortune have done more than she did for this well-beloved son ? What greater boon is ever given to men than to plant the flower of genius in the soil of opportunity ? What more could Providence have done for Grant than to put the mountains of difficulty in his way, with the clear eye, the sure foot, the unclouded brain, the resolute will, the unconquerable purpose to rest not till the summits had been reached ? What better than to subject him to the foul criticisms of his first Presidential term that the confidence of his countrymen might be shown by an overwhelming election to the second ; than to have his integrity assailed that he might flame out with the words of defiant honesty, “Let no guilty man escape ;” than to be attacked through his friends that he might show how stanch a thing friendship can be ? What more, I say, could Providence have done for him ?

There was one thing more. Before he could wear the crown of glory he must endure the crown of thorns. Through tribulation he must enter into the kingdom. In all of history or romance there is not a more pathetic story than that of this crippled giant, writing as if with pen dipped in his heart's blood, the narrative of his campaigns. And for what? Not to exalt his fame, not to ensure his glory, not to dazzle posterity with the lustre of his deeds, but to leave his honor untarnished and his loved ones in comfort. Forgive, if you can, the miscreants who bartered his fame and trafficked upon his golden laurels in the market place, but never forget the shining lesson of his patience and fortitude! Day after day, pitiful in their length of suffering, but none too long for his task, he wrote painfully on while he stood Death at bay. Sublime hero! What march of legions or armies was ever half so glorious as the resolute advance of that palsied hand over the weary pages of his work! "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," thrilled the nation with its clarion ring of confidence and courage; "I must live to finish the book," touched human hearts everywhere with the pathos of its suffering. In mercy he was spared to finish his work. Serene, patient, the only cheerful heart amid all his environments, smiling even in the face of a nation wet with tears, exalting the hill now made famous as the scene of his suffering into a very Mount of Transfiguration, he carried his task to a triumphant end and won his last, his greatest victory.

General Porter, in introducing the Duke de Veragua, said :

GENTLEMEN,—We are peculiarly and exceptionally honored to-night in having with us, to participate in our tribute to the memory of our chief, one who is the honored guest of our nation; the only one who has occupied that position and relation to us since the memorable visit of Lafayette. We are not unfamiliar with the distinguished services he has rendered in the high positions he has held in his country—that country which made possible the discovery of our own. We are proud to recognize in him a lineal descendant of the illustrious eyes of him who had in common with General Grant those three characteristics, courage, faith and self-reliance: the eyes of him who was able to overcome impossibility itself; to penetrate the mysteries of the sea; to reconstruct the map of the world. Gentlemen, we have with us The Admiral of the Indies, The Duke of Veragua.

SPEECH OF THE DUKE DE VERAGUA.

GENTLEMEN,—I feel happy to be with you to-night. I would be very glad to acknowledge the eloquent words of my friend, General Porter, which he spoke in my behalf, but I am not sufficiently acquainted with the

language. I should also like to pay a tribute to General Grant, whose greatness I admire, but I cannot do him justice for the reason already stated. He was a remarkable man among Americans for the energy with which he performed a great work in the midst of millions of people. I honor him as a great man of a great country. I drink to the health and prosperity of the United States.

General Porter then introduced Major-General J. M. Schlofield.

GENTLEMEN,—We have the chief soldier of the land with us to-night. He believes with Shakespeare, that a soldier ought not to wear his dagger in his mouth. He was the trusted lieutenant of General Grant and, like him, he served as Secretary of War at a critical juncture in our country's history. Fill your glasses, and drink with all your honors a toast to the distinguished Chief of the United States Army, General Schofield.

SPEECH OF GENERAL J. M. SCHOFIELD.

GENTLEMEN,—It is always one of the greatest pleasures, and one that develops the finest feelings of our nature, when we are permitted to assemble in honor of the memory of our great chieftain, General Grant. I am sure you will not expect from me to-night anything more than to say that the best thing any of us can do, especially those of us who are endeavoring in some way to follow in his footsteps, is to show our love and devotion to our country, and thus imitate his example in all respects. I will therefore to-night especially imitate that most remarkable of his many examples,—that is, never to make speeches when others are present.

General Porter presented Judge Roger A. Pryor with the following introduction:

GENTLEMEN,—We have another distinguished general here to-night, who fought with us in the war, but not on the same side. It has been said that it is astounding how you like a man after you fight him. That is the reason we have him here to-night, to give him a warm reception.

He always gave us a warm reception. He used to take us and provide for us, and was willing to keep us out of harm's way while hostilities lasted, unless sooner exchanged. He was always in the front, and his further appearance in the front to-night is a reflection upon the accuracy of our marksmanship. Not knowing how to punish him there, we brought him up to New York and sentenced him to fourteen years of hard labor on the bench. Gentlemen, I introduce to you General Roger A. Pryor.

SPEECH OF JUDGE ROGER A. PRYOR.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,—It was the sword of Grant that smote the Confederacy to its fall; and yet I, a Confederate soldier, am pleased in the privilege afforded me by your invitation of testifying my appreciation of his greatness.

By the accordant voices of all men in all ages, martial achievement constitutes a pre-eminent title to renown; and it is not for me to gainsay the glory of him whose skill baffled the strategy of Johnston and prevailed over the genius of my own illustrious commander.

From Donelson to Vicksburg the campaign of General Grant in the West was an unchequered career of conquest. In the East he effaced from your flag the blemish of a three years' ineffectual effort, and carried it in triumph to the catastrophe at Appomattox. Commencing his career at the beginning of the war on a level with the million men you sent to the field, with no power to push his fortunes, with no augury of success attaching to his name, with a modesty that veiled his worth and hindered his advancement, nevertheless, at the end of the arduous struggle, by merit alone, he emerged pre-eminent over all rivalry, and the unchallenged chieftain of the armies of the Union. That he achieved what all others had failed to accomplish, that confronted by a foe of unsurpassed courage and constancy, and opposed by leaders with an ability for war unequal only to the attainment of the impossible, he yet overcame all obstacles and vanquished every antagonist, is enough to associate him with the Cæsars and Napoleons in the Pantheon of Immortals.

But, more worthy of homage even than his military exploits, is the magnanimity with which, in the hour of triumph, he disdained the trophies of victory, and the clemency with which, in the fury of battle, he proffered a helping hand to his fallen foe.

There are those who, conceding the distinction of Grant as a soldier, affect to deplore his miscarriage as a statesman. But, when I recall the problems that confronted him as President—the repairing the ravages of war—*bellum plusquam civile*: the repressing the spirit of revolt, smothered, but not subdued; the ameliorating the evils of the social and civil convulsion in the South consequent on the emancipation of five millions negro slaves and their incorporation in the system of American citizenship; recollecting, too, the critical altercations with foreign powers inherited by his administration; remembering these tremendous troubles, and considering that nevertheless he safely piloted the Republic through all its perils, and delivered it to his successor unfettered in freedom, undiminished in strength, and undimmed in lustre, I do not hesitate to avow the conviction that Grant was as great in peace as in war.

Laying aside, however, all his other titles to renown, this remains unquestioned and unquestionable : that his strong arm upheld the Union in the instant of imminent overthrow, and assured it an endless duration of grandeur and glory ; and I, a Confederate soldier, proclaim that by the preservation of the Union, Grant rendered to the cause of liberty and civilization as transcendent a service as any recorded in the annals of human achievement.

And so, by the majestic simplicity of his character ; by his constancy in adversity and his moderation in prosperity ; by his genius alike in peace and in war ; by the splendor of his deeds in the meridian of life, and by his sublime fortitude in the agonies of death, Ulysses Grant presents a figure in history before which the coming ages will bow in reverential admiration.

General Porter, introducing Señor Romero of Mexico, said :

GENTLEMEN,—We have with us to-night a gentleman whose presence affords us much delight.

He was a friend of General Grant, whose friendship to him was like that of Damon to Pythias. He was his friend in war, and his friend in peace : faithful among the faithless,—faithful unto death.

The gentleman was for a long time an able representative, and did so much to preserve our pacific relations with our nearest sister republic.

SPEECH OF SEÑOR ROMERO.

GENTLEMEN,—It has been my good fortune in having been present at each of these banquets since they began last year. I was with you then, and I felt very happy when I found that I could be here to-night, and join with you in honor of the great occasion that has called us together. I assure you, gentlemen, that nobody in this country has a greater admiration for General Grant than I have, and that admiration is strengthened and increased as time passes on. I have said so much about General Grant before, that I am afraid I will only repeat myself, and it will be tiresome for you to hear it. I will, however, mention only one incident that struck my mind very forcibly, and which I think will clearly show to you how great, generous-hearted, and at the same time, how tender and humane Grant was. You have heard about the great battles of the war ; you have heard of the rivers of blood that he caused to be shed for his country, and I remember well that it has often been said that he was entirely indifferent to the shedding of blood. This, however, is not a fact. When he found it was his stern duty to shed blood he did not hesitate to do so, but aside from those painful occasions he was one of the tenderest

men I ever met. He was as tender as a woman, and the incident I want to mention, and which so fully corroborates my statement, is the following: It was my very great pleasure on one occasion to be with him in the City of Mexico, when he was the guest of honor, and the best thing that the Mexicans could do, as they thought, was to have a bull-fight, and of course General Grant was invited to attend. I do not know whether you are familiar with the scenes and incidents of a bull-fight, but it consists of some men mounted on horses who meet the enraged bull in the great arena, and then the greatest excitement is aroused to see whether the bull or the horses will first be killed. Unless several horses or bulls are killed, however, the spectators feel disappointed, and say that there has been no fight. General Grant was, however, so much affected, and could not sit and watch the animals being killed so cruelly, that after the killing of the first horse, although he was expected to remain all the afternoon, he could not stand it any longer. This struck me as showing that General Grant did not feel indifferent at the shedding of blood. When blood had to be shed, he shed it, but he could not tolerate the shedding of unnecessary blood, even the blood of the poor, dumb animal. That is one example showing how great that man was. He belonged to humankind, and humanity must be proud and satisfied to have had such a man as General Grant. He must be proclaimed an example worthy of emulation to coming generations of this country and of the world at large, and it is very pleasant to me, a foreigner to this city, to see you display such honor to one of the greatest men of your country and, I have no doubt, one of the greatest men this world has ever produced.

General Porter then presented Rev. Dr. Wm. Lloyd:

GENTLEMEN,—We are very glad to have with us to-night a distinguished representative of the pulpit. We are glad to see him mingling with these soldiers, although I well know that in the characteristics of our profession we differ somewhat, inasmuch as he makes men upright, while we make men downright. I am very glad to call upon a gentleman whose eloquence in and out of the pulpit is proverbial. Gentlemen, I am pleased to call upon Rev. Dr. Wm. Lloyd.

SPEECH OF REV. DR. WM. LLOYD.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—Our professions do not differ so materially, because you can never make a man upright until you have first made him downright. Make him downright, and then he is upright afterwards. As I, however, rise to-night with mingled feelings of awe and admiration, I feel how difficult it is for any man to follow after men whose association with General Grant was personal; whose connection with the

great conflict which resulted in the consolidation of this Republic was close and intimate. For a man who is not a natural born American to speak after such oratory as that to which we have listened to-night, is to place him in the most difficult position in which I have ever been placed during thirty years of public speaking. I must say this, however: that of all the banquets which I have ever attended, and of all the speeches to which I have ever listened, I have never attended a banquet that has affected me so profoundly as this; that has so impressed me with the solidity, the greatness, the dignity of the American character, which has been so characterized by the guests of this banquet, and by the eloquence, fervent, impassionate and self-contained, of the orators to whom we have listened to-night. I have a feeling of gratitude for this country, for the gladness and open-heartedness with which it welcomes foreigners to its shores, when they are willing to come to its shores and take the oath of allegiance to its flag, and surrender every allegiance to every other flag under the sun.

Reference was made to-night by our honored President to the honor which was extended to General Grant during his career around the world. It was the homage which we are compelled to render to such a man. It was the recognition by arbitrary aristocracy of democratic simplicity. It was the recognition by aristocracy the world over of the glorious possibilities of manhood, without having to look to its grandfather to find out where its royalty came from.

This was the secret of General Grant's reception in the Old World. Years ago, when I was a boy, I used to read American history and I used to turn my thoughts to this country, with the hope that sometime I might enter its gates, and live under its flag. At last the time came when, with my little children fondling around my knees, I left my own, my mother country, with no decrease of love for her, the land of my birth, and came here; and the proudest moment of my life was when I was able, after five years (because I did not live in New York, where naturalization was easy, but was living in Poughkeepsie,) to take the oath of allegiance to the flag that has floated over my home; the flag that was sheltering my children, and to walk out of that Poughkeepsie Court House with my head held high saying, I am an American citizen. I have never felt so big in my life. When I was requested to come and speak at this assembly to-night, it was suggested that I might say a word or two concerning General Grant in his civic administration and his character both as a commander and in his home life. It seems to me rather inappropriate for a man who is so little familiar as I must necessarily be with General Grant's administration as President of the United States, to enter into any description of the nature of the condemnation or animadversion passed upon him by his enemies; but this we all of us admit, that just as the sun may for a time

be obscured by the clouds, and the light may shine dimly, and all around us be shrouded in gloom, yet after a while the sun will break through the clouds, and it will shine with a newness of splendor, and reveal its beauty and radiance with greater force. So, though misrepresentation may for a time have obscured the noble character of General Grant, whose sweet simplicity, spotless integrity and abiding faith made it impossible for him to believe in the treachery of other men, because he was utterly incapable of treachery himself, yet to-day it is shining with a fulgence and beauty as it never shone before ; and a hundred years from now the character of General Grant will shine with the brilliancy of a hundred suns all thrown into one. It seems to me that the more I read about this man, and the more I study his administration, the more I see that he was actuated by the highest principles of citizenship. General Grant's greatest honor will not be in his victory on the battle field ; his greatest honor in years to come will not be in his Napoleonic defeats which he accomplished, for he was a Napoleon in strength, without any Napoleonic imperfections ; he had all the tactical skill of the first Napoleon with none of the meanness of his nature ; but his greatest honor will be in that gentleness of character with which he will shine in the future ; it will be in the realization of that beautiful fact, that whether living in his humble tannery in the West, marching at the head of the consolidated and pressing troops of the North to conquest, occupying the exalted office of the presidency, or looking grim death in the eyes upon the battle field, General Grant was from first to last a simple, unaffected, honest American citizen.

It is said that upon an occasion, after one of Napoleon's greatest victories, a soldier was found dying upon the battlefield. He was picked up and carried to the tent of medical attendance, and there the surgeon was called to see whether he could be saved.

As the surgeon probed into the breast of the dying soldier for the bullet, and not finding it, the soldier looked up and said, "A little deeper, a little deeper, and you will find the name of the Emperor." Take any American to-day, who deserves the name of American, and cut down into his heart, and you will find there engraved the name of Ulysses S. Grant. It is written in our hearts, not simply written in the history of our country.

When we look at General Grant in his private life, we can compare him with any commander or monarch that ever lived, and we would fail to find a single example of private virtue and integrity that would outshine the private life of General Grant. Where is the man to-day who can find a single blot upon the private life of General Grant? There is no man living who could if he would, and if he did say anything of a reflecting nature at this banquet, I question whether he would live much longer. As we meet here to-night I, an American citizen, because you welcomed me to your shores and received me to your hearts, declare that if necessary to

preserve the principles and purposes for which our immortal hero fought, I will willingly take my life and lay it down by the side of his tomb, which lies by the waters of the beautiful Hudson.

I was out to-day, looking at the fleet and warships of the different nations of the world, and as I listened to the din of cannons as they saluted the President of the United States, royalty saluting democracy, as it must salute democracy the world over, the thought occurred to me whether the man whose ashes repose in the stately mausoleum lying on the banks of the beautiful Hudson, does not hover with us in spirit to-day ; and the very heavens seemed to drop tear after tear, because the man that of all men who should have been here to-day and reviewed these ships, was lying cold and still. It seemed to me that every gun, as it thundered out its salutations, was answering gun to gun, and speaking two names that are written upon our hearts, and printed in our nation's history ; two names that are written high above the names of heroes bold and commanders brave ; the names of two men, who side by side guided the ship of state through the stormy seas of that great struggle, ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ULYSSES S. GRANT. To-night we honor Grant the soldier ; we honor Grant the statesman ; we honor Grant the citizen ; we honor Grant the faithful husband and loving father ; and we honor him above all as the very embodiment of the principles that naturally underlie the prosperity and development of this country, "A government of the people, and for the people, and by the people," for which he fought and died.

Gen. Porter then called upon Mr. William H. McElroy, introducing him with the following remarks :

GENTLEMEN,—We have another speaker with us to-night, who has so many commendable qualifications that I hardly know where to begin to strike them. When I tell you that he is one of the most popular of lecturers of the present day, that would be saying something ; but when I describe him to you as the prince of good fellows, the most charming of after-dinner speakers, I know I can repress your ardor no longer, but must call upon our friend, Mr. William H. McElroy.

SPEECH OF MR. WILLIAM H. MC ELROY.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—It has been said that no man could be as wise as he looked, and I think that very few men can live up to the introduction which our distinguished president, General Horace Porter, can give them, at this stage of a feast. I was heartily impressed with his self-restraint when he said to us, "No, gentlemen, I cannot say to you that this gavel of mine was made out of the wood of the mast of the Santa Maria."

I said to myself, here is a lineal descendant of Washington, who has another way of saying I cannot tell a lie. When he went on to speak of the abiding and precious memory of General Grant, and said that he was not with us to-night, and that was cause for regret, I recalled the lines of the poet :

“O mothers, sisters, daughters, spare the tears you fain would shed,
For they who die in such a cause, you cannot call them dead ;
They live upon the lips of men, in picture, bust and song,
And valor folds them with her arms, and keeps them safe from wrong.”

When he went on further, and declared that the fund to build the monument was practically completed, I said to myself, here is the reward for modesty, because in our chairman we have a man who has done more than any other man on the continent to raise the fund for the memory of General Grant. I listened, as we all listened, with the utmost appreciation to the speech of our distinguished Chicago guest, and I said to myself, in the words of Pope, slightly altered,

“For men of faith, the bigots have a zest ;
This fact remains, whatever is is West.”

I am sure if the Fair, of which we have all heard something, is to be as good as his speech, we must all say that we must all be there, because none but the brave deserve to go to such a Fair.

Then, again, gentlemen, I am sure we were all heartily impressed with the speech of the representative of the beaten foe.

It seemed to me, as I listened to those patriotic words, that the bloody chasm had been transplanted into the Elysian fields, and the bloody shirt had been transformed into the brilliant and white-winged angel of peace.

When I listened to my friend, Rev. Dr. Lloyd, I said to myself, here is an unal-“loyed” speech. I said to myself, here is a Doctor of Divinity who shapes our ends smooth, rough-shoe them as we will.

I have been talking a good deal this evening to my honored friend on the right, and one of the incidents which he related to me showed the level-headedness of General Grant. Unostentatiously, and not necessarily for publication, my friend, General Dodge, told me that the first act of General Grant after the capture of Vicksburg was to recommend the promotion of General Dodge.

Gentlemen, I have been impressed, as I am sure you have all been impressed, during the last few years, with the evidences which have accumulated of the revival of what we may call the American spirit. The indications multiply on all hands, going to show that love of country is not degenerating in this land; that it is not a mere sentimentality, but is taking hold of the American people with a force and passion. There is a wide-spread and ever-increasing demand for the unfurling of the American flag

over every schoolhouse. It is as if Uncle Sam had said by unanimous consent to every school-boy and every school-girl in the land, "Get wisdom and understanding, but with all thy gettings, get patriotism and public spirit." The Irishman of whom we hear in the familiar story, and who had an appreciation of the ridiculous, said one time, "What is the world to a man if his wife is a widow?" So the American people, realizing that there can be no general private prosperity which is not conditioned on public prosperity, are asking themselves, What shall it profit our children if they become wise in reading, writing and arithmetic, and do not become conservators of the public weal? A few months ago, the President of the United States, on the steamer *New York*, hoisted the American flag to the masthead. That deed had the effect that almost all Americans forgot for the time that they were Republicans, or Democrats, or even Mug-wumps, and remembered only that they were American citizens, proud of their birthright. Yesterday or the day before there was hoisted on the highland of the Navesink the American flag. The intention was to hoist that flag on a spot where the incoming American from foreign climes should see first, as he approached our American shores, the sacred symbol of his country, the sure defence of his home. I will readily admit that we may differ honestly in regard to our views as to the highways, but I think that almost all thinking Americans will agree that the worst use to which we can put the American flag is to haul it down.

These things, it seems to me, are naturally recalled on this evening, when we take with the rosemary of affectionate remembrance and appreciation, the ever-abiding remembrance of that great understanding of the American principle, as exemplified by Ulysses S. Grant. How shall we best perpetuate his memory? Bret Harte, in one of his ballads, tells of a stranger who came to where a farmer was living, and said to the farmer, "I was with Grant," and before he could say any more, the farmer took him in, gave him shelter and food and drink and the freedom of the farm, and it was not until all these hospitalities had been exhausted that the stranger added, "I was with General Grant in Illinois three years before the war." Our own communion with General Grant will be equally unpatriotic and equally unimpressive, unless like him we bring forth fruits meet for patriotism. God helping us, never again will foe without or foe within assail the Union. But to-day it is assailed; there are those who assail the integrity of the ballot; there are those who assail the sacred right of home rule; there are those who say they will conserve the good of the few at the expense of the good of the many; and unless we, with the courage which dominated Grant at Vicksburg, say, "We will battle for the unconditional surrender of these evils," then our commemoration of General Grant is but as sounding brass and as tinkling cymbals.

If we fight these evils, as he fought, we may flatter ourselves that we are fellow-laborers with Grant for the prosperity and perpetuity of the Union; and we may pass away, as he passed away, sustained and soothed by the conviction that this Republic shall last, shall go on conquering and to conquer, fulfilling its manifest destiny so long as the day-star shines on the forehead of the Northern sky.

General Porter then presented the Columbia College Glee Club. He said :

GENTLEMEN,—A speaker took occasion to say that your chairman could not tell a lie. The chairman will not take advantage of his position to make a similar remark in regard to the speaker. We are honored to-night by the presence of the Columbia College Glee Club, and will ask them to sing. I have also another duty to perform : that is, to escort our distinguished guest to the ball, and I will do what General Grant never did, beat a retreat, and ask General Dodge to preside.

General Dodge thereupon declared the banquet adjourned.



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